

Christ and the Little Ones.

"The Master has come over Jordan,"
Said Hannah, the mother, one day;
"He is healing the people who throng Him,
With a touch of His finger, they say.

"And now I shall carry the children,
Little Rachel and Samuel and John,
I shall carry the baby, Esther,
For the Lord to look upon."

The father looked at her kindly,
But he shook his head and smiled;
"Now who but a doting mother"
Would think of a thing so wild?

"If the children were tortured by demons,
Or dying of fever, 'twere well;
Or had they the taint of the leper,
Like many in Israel."

"Nay, do not hinder me, Nathan,
I feel such a burden of care,
If I carry it to the Master,
Perhaps I shall leave it there.

"If He lay His hand on the children,
My heart will be lighter, I know,
For a blessing for ever and ever
Will follow them as they go."

So over the hills of Judah,
Along by the vine-rows green,

With Esther asleep on her bosom,
And Rachel her brothers between;

'Mid the people who hung on His teaching,
Or waited His touch or His word—
Through the row of proud Pharisees listen-
ing,
She pressed to the feet of the Lord.

"Now why should'st thou hinder the
Master,"
Said Peter, "with children like these?
Seest not how from morning to evening
He teacheth and healeth disease?"

Then Christ said, "Forbid not the children,
Permit them to come unto Me!"
And He took in His arms little Esther,
And Rachel He set on His knee;

And the heavy heart of the mother
Was lifted all earth-care above,
As He laid His hand on the brothers,
And blest them with tenderest love;

As He said of the babes in His bosom,
"Of such are the Kingdom of Heaven,"—
And strength for all duty and trial,
That hour to her spirit was given.

Julia Gill.